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ter the close of the volume.

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Miscellang.

ropted sunshine of confidence return upon that the longer and every Corman in the path over which the dark clouds of doubt and be found rallying under the flag suspicion have once passed. Not always can Wagoner. conscious innocence bear up the feeling and sensitive heart against the rude assault and poisoned arrows of the calumniator. I have seen a young and beautiful girl sink under the injurious impressions and unfounded imputations of those her friends. I have always notice I that when a coterie of women open in full cry upon a female, with the intention of hunting her down, that in all probability it was because she was more beautiful than themselves, and therefore likely to be a formidable rival, or else, being more pure-hearted fetter down the fine feelings of youth and innocence, under the cold and heartless forms of prudery and effectation.

A CHILDS FUNERAL.-It is the most touching thuts its eyes as soon as the glories of earth open to its view, without having known the parents have always thought of you as a child!" whose tearful eyes are gazing on it; which has been beloved without loving in return; whose tongue is silenced before it has spoken; whose and perhaps you forget too, that I was the young. arrived a day or two before, when Miss Leigh, features stiffen before they have smiled.

CHINESE CORONATION .- At the coronation of the emperors of Chioa, it is customary to present colors, with addresses to this purpose. 'Choose. mighty sir, under which of these stones your pleasure is, that we should lay your bones.'-The object of thus bringing him patterns of his gravestone, is, that the prospect of death may contain his thoughts within the die bounds of

Old Rolle was so delighted with the condescension of the Queen in rising to receive hum after the accident that happened on his approach to do homage, that he openly exclaimed, in the presence of Lady Rolle, that it would certainly add twenty years at least to his life. 'Twenty years? thundered the lady, 'are you mad, John Lord Rolle, to teaze me in this way? His lord ship made no reply.-Eng. pa.

A new article of Det. -M. Favand, a French in China, he often cat the chrysalis of the silkdelicate state of health. After the cocoons are soun the chrysales are fried, in or ler that the watery parts may be quite discharged; and on being stripped of their covering, pre-ent a yellow appearance, like the spawn of the carp. They with the first lady I meet, with who are then fried with butter, grease, or oil, and afterwards put into broth. When they have boiled five or ten minutes they are crushed with a nothing adheres to the bottom of the vessel,-The volks of eggs beaten up, in the preportion of three for every hundred chrysales, are then poured over them, and the finest gold-colored cream of the most exquisite taste is thus obtain-

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are the crews of the exploring expedition temperance men?-Because they are not likely to get half-seas-over.

Why is Graham bread like a popular song?-Because it is "Coming through the rye,"
Why was Keokuck like the head of the fire department ?- Because he was the chief Indian here (chief engineer.)

Because a man is likely to get corned after it. Why is the president of the United States like the hind foot of a horse?-Because he follows in the footsteps of his predecessor.

Why is the face of a dandy like a mattress? -Because it is stuffed with the best curled hair. -N. Y. Mirror.

is, by the power of love, to which even strength be warmed to love, may its fire be unceasingly will yield. Over the mind of the husband. a fed by the same gentle hand that first kindled wife should never employ any other power than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, "I will." she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time. Employ yourself in household affairs. Wait till yonr husband confides to you those of a higher importance, and not give your advice till he asks it. so free from human imperfections, so angelic, Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your that I am almost afraid to tell you that I am exhusband's morals, to read lectures to him. Let pecting a visit from two of my young friends, your preaching be a good example. Practice virtue yourself, to make him in love with it.-Command his attention, by being always atten-

PRINTER'S DEVILS .- There are two accounts of the origin of this title. One of them says there was one Mons. Leville, or D'ville, who came over with William the Conqueror, in company with De Loune, De Vau, De Val, De Ashwood, De Utfine, &c. A descendent of this Monsieur Deville, in the direct line, was taken them but their names and ages?' asked Mr. by the famous Caxton, in 1471; who proving Chauncey. very expert, became afterwards his apprentice. and in time an eminent printer; from him the orders of printers' Devilles, or devils, took their names. The other account says, if they took it were messengers frequently sent in darkness,

tive to him. Never exact any thing, and you

will obtain much.-Ladies Garland.

To mail and village subscribers, \$2,00 per annum, if paid within the year—\$2,50 payable afprised the world that they thought him a conjurer, and called him Dr. Faustus, and his art the black art. As he kept a constant succession of boys to run errands, who were always very black, some of whom being raised to be his apprentices, he was very properly said to have raised many a to do in me. Qualities and acquirements apart from his wife, her cousin, and Mr. Chaun- His present little auditory paid him the compli-

The Lebanon Morning Star, one of the most Not always is it that woman is able to fling off the stain which the envious or malicious attempt to fasten upon her; not often does the uninter-

From the Southern Literary Messenger. THE GAME OF CHESS.

who professed to be, and who ought to have been By the Author of . The Cottage in the Glen.' · Sensibility,' · Loosing and Winning,' · Fashionable and Unfashionable Wije,' &c.

and unsuspecting, had never found occasion to Mrs. Atkins; 'I can scarcely believe my senses, when I see my old class ate, whom I left just out of college, and my little friend, Susan and attractions of its own rosy hues. Surely,' of sights, the burial of a little creature, which parture into Europe—now married—settled— never have known the happiness of being his established in life! It seems impossible! 1

are all six years older than when you left us; est child, and had the privilege of setting on my father's knee much longer than daughters are wont to do. You and Charles are about the elegant looking man was, conversing with a lathem with several sorts of marble of different same age, and I am but five years my husband's junior. Do you feel too young to murry?

O no, -I am now six-and-twenty-one year your husband's senior; and now that my wan- old friends.' modesty and moderation, in the midst of his qualities I wish in a wife, who would unite her fate with mine."

· I conclude your taste has been fastidious, from your observation of beauty and accomplishments in Europe,' said Mrs. Atkins.'

· No-not exactly so-but from close observation of domestic life, I design to be guided

missionary, states that, during his late residence in love designedly, said Mrs. Atkins, laughing, world. Her eyes, shaded by long stricken nor to save yourself from falling in love, by lashes, were of indefinable color, and were dark worm, and found it to be both good and whole- the efforts of reason and judgment. Of one or light, as intellect and feelings were awakensome. It is much used there by persons in a thing, however, your remark has satisfied me-ed or lay quiet. Her face was blooming : yet by, he added playfolly, the me adjust yours sally detect them. at present you are completely heart-whole.'

'That is certainly true; and it is equally true that I am perfectly willing to fall in love with the first tady I meet, with whom there is a

spion, care being taken to stir them up, so that laughing. I do not recollect to have heard eyes, and answered her civilities with the selfany young gentleman talk of love and matrimony with such perfect calmness and self-possession. How charming it will be, should the tenor of your way!"

growing warm,' said Mr. Chauncey, smiling. gotten?" But seriously, I hope to love my wife, should I Why do tight boots lead to intemperance? - or under such a process! It is my full belief, Mr. Chauncey, and Miss Leigh-Miss Eustace

'L'hymen et ses liens

Sont le plus grands ou des maux ou des biens,' and I would therefore use circumspection in a Counsel for Lanies .- Let every married wo- crease or diminish my happiness ! Should my ing which from the first moment told him that man be persuaded that there are two ways of heart ever be warmed to love,' he added, while an union with them was impossible. The first is by the average of strangers I do suspect you most grieviously.' governing a family. The first is, by the express- his eyes beamed in a manner that showed how friends of Mrs. Atkins were certainly not of in a strange land. Mr. Atkins and his friends ion of that which threatens force. The second deeply he could love - Should my heart ever this number, and his study of their characters stopped to talk to them a few minutes, and be- the most animated manner, Miss Eustace exthe flame-and may it burn brighter and clear- free, entertaining, and even fascinating in conwhich is love! May my wife be a gentle spirfeelings, and a heart overflowing with kindly feelings, and a heart filled with noble sentiments smell a rose, we expect to imbibe the sweetness it to accompany me in the path to heaven, and of its odor-so we look for every thing amiable lure me back to it if tempted to stray-and tace, because he had to judge by her countein woman. Whoever is often contradicted, feels not a scourge to drive me thither as the only place of refuge from herself!"

'You have grown so solemn, Mr. Chauncey. so free from human imperfections, so angelic. with one or the other of whom I had hoped you would be pleased.'

'I do not expect freedom from human imperfections, Mrs, Atkins; but I do hope for freedom from gross defects. But who are these friends of whom you speak?'

'The eldest, who is not far from my age, is my cousin, Augusta Leigh-and the other is Abby Eustace, my favorite school friend, who

is two years younger.' 'And can you tell me nothing concerning

'No-positively, I will tell you nothing else, except that either of them is pretty enough for a man who does not make beauty his first re- I think Miss Leigh to be peculiarly brilliant while at the table, conversation flowed as usual; for one who does not marry expressly for mon- be a fine-a noble girl.'

After a few minutes thoughful silence, Mr. Chauncey said-

tions in my wife, as I hope she would be willing

on. I wish to observe and judge for myand shall be more likely to judge correctly, if it is not known for what I am looking.' 'Well,' said Mrs. Atkine, 'you appear very moderate and reasonable in your demandsand yet, were I an unmarried lady, I should be more afraid of you than of any young gentle-

man I have seen. Really, you are so calm, and reasonable, and scrutinizing, as to be quite terrifying. Give me the creature of impulse · I can searcely believe my senses,' said Mr. - of passion, of enthusiasm, who will be too Chauncey, as he was one morning sitting with much carried away with his own feelings to investigate my character too nicely; whose warm imagination will clothe me in virtues Leigh, whom I found sitting on her father's she added, after a momentary pause, 'surely, knee, when I called to take leave before my de- had Charles been of your temperament, I should wife !

Mrs. Atkins smiled. 'You forgot that we conversation had taken place, Mrs. Atkins was too much engrossed in conversation himself. to er friend, at whose escape she rejoiced, was a seated in her parlor with two friends, who had raising her eyes from the work that was in her hand to an opposite window, inquired who that and happiness, and the dimples about her mouth dy, on the other side of the street.

Horace Chauncey, who recently returned from Europe ? asked Miss Leigh.

The same, answered Mrs. Atkins. 'He will give us a call, presently, I dare say, as he comes here very often.'

Before Mr. Chauncey arrives, there is just time to sketch a hasty outline of the portraits of the two young ladies. Miss Leigh was tall, to ascertain whether the indispensable quality well made and commanding in her person.by judgment rather than fancy, in my choice; Her face was brilliant, with black eyes, and character. and sincerely hope that I shall never be so much | dark hair, but rather pale than otherwise, ex-'You will not find it particularly easy to fall the most cheerful, happy ke oking creature in the the color was so constantly changing its shade, more to my mind.'

that it seemed but the attendant on a heart

'alive to every touch of joy or woe.' Mrs. Atkins was right. In a few minutes possibly can. Mr. Chauncey came in, and was made acquain-'You really contemplate the subject with the most enviable coolness,' said Mrs Atkins, again name was mentioned, she calmly raised her possession that is common to well bred young yours." ladies, on being made known to a stranger; but when Miss Eustace's turn came, her color lady of your choice exercise as much judgment, was beightened to a burning glow, and a slight and have as little enthasiasm as yourself! Tru- and rather tremulous courtesy, was the only arly, nothing would be likely to disturb the even swer she made to the few words of compliment he uttered. Has he forgotten? thought 'It is very possible to talk of fire without she, as she resumed her seat - Can he have for-

Mr. Chauncey lengthened his visit to nearly ever marry, with my whole soul. What mis- an hour, but differred not materially from other ery to have one with such discordant qualities, visits of a similar kind. The conversation ceive it, and the little party immediately started she could sing at all. as would alternately kindle and quench the was of a general and desultory character, and on their excursion. For awhile they were all flame of affection! The heart must soon with- carried on in a lively manner by Mrs. Atkins, rather stient, and seemed entirely engrossed in never uttered a word except when directly ad. was charming -- their exercise exhilarating; and Abby?" dressed. On taking leave, Mr. Chauncey Atkins, to visit them very frequently. He was their return home encountered a company of matter of so much consequence. Let me rath- literally in search of a wife; and it was his Irish people, men, and children. They looked er pursue the journey of life alone, than to feel wish to become really acquainted with those a doubt whether the society of my wife will in- young ladies he met, in whom there was nothbecame deeply interesting: that of Miss Leigh, because she had a great deal of character; was and independent thought; that of Miss Eustenance, as she was extremely retiring and taciturn when he was present. Her face, however, was very dull study; for of her, if of any one, said Mrs. Atkins, and seem to look for a wife it might perhaps have been said-her body thought;' and occasionally, when he met her eye, there was a flash across his memory of something he had long before seen, or felt, or dreamed-an undefinable sensation of pleasure, but too evanescent to be caught or retained.

'How do you like Susan's guests, Horace ?' Mr. Atkins inquired one day, after Mr. Chauncey had seen them a number of times.

· How am I to form an opinion of Miss Eusace ?' a sked Chauncev. 'She indeed looks ve. she can avoid it.'

covered that she is not as conversable and entertaining as Augusta, and far more playful.'

who are equally so.'

dispense with; but there's one quality that I versation, when Miss Eustace, on rising to finished the tale and closed the volume. consider of primary importance-and next to leave the room, passed near him. He, caught

Where's rour voice this spine. Abby?'
Diry voice?' said Miss Epstace.
O, I am glad you have not lost it—but why have you not spoken for these two hours?' 'And have I not?' asked Miss Eustace. 'Scarcely,' answered Mr. Atkins.

'Then I suppose it was because I had nothing to say,' said the smiling girl.

'But you are not usually so silent,' remarked Mr. Atkins. Perhaps it would be better if I were.

truly, though you may doubt it, there are times when I had much rather listen than talk.' 'Especially when my friend Horace is exerting his colloquial powers! hey?'

Just as you please, sir,' said Miss Eustace, again smiling, but with some little embarrassment, and withdrawing her hand, she left the

Mrs. Atkins, to visit her very frequently. Miss | base. One day, about a week after the preceding Enstace interested him. He loved, when not watch the bright, the cheerful, the intellectual, sufficient apology.' the ever varying expression of her countenance. Her eyes seemed fountains of light, and love, and cheeks, the very abode of joy and content. There was something about her to soothe and grossing interest. Her talents, which were neither concealed nor displayed, commanded his admiration, her compassionate feelings and elevated principles won his esteem; so that scarcely three weeks had clapsed from the Atkins. commencement of his acquaintance with her. ere he was more sedulously aiming to learn how he might render himself acceptable to her, than for a good wife, was a component part of her

One fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, Mr. fasinated by the charms of any one, as to be unable to form a correct opinion of her real character. Character of excite, dium statute of women beautifully formed, and uniting in the parlor when the two latter. came from their chamber.

'You have very becoming riding caps, young

'O, do,' said Miss Eustace, holding up her blooming face: 'make me look as pretty as you

cape a little more on the one side; 'I will leave it to the company if that is not a great improve

'No, thank you, sir,' said Miss Leigh, elevating her head, while her color was somewhat heightened -- I will wear my cap according to my own taste this morning, if you please.'

O. I beg a thousand pardons for my presumption, said Mr. Atkins-'your taste is cer- their deep expression, she repliedtainly much more correct than mine-I really beg your pardon.'

Miss Leigh made no reply, but gave her hand to Mr. Chauncey, who was waiting to rethe management of their horses; but the weathere long each one was enjoying a line flow of way-worn and weary; and the faces of some of should probably be affected under such circumthe children even wore an expression of anxiety stances?" and depression, as if they felt all the force of stow charity according to each one's ability or inclination, and then rode on.

·O, Mr. Chauccey,' said Miss Leigh, in a low tone, after riding a little way in silence, ' what | and in perfect silence. pitiable objects those people were! As good by nature, and undoubtedly, some of them, at myself-why is it there is so vast a difference for more than an hour. Pray speak once again. in our lots? How is it that I can ever be ungrateful or perverse, while thus distinguished by unnumbered blessings!' Her tone was that of the deepest sympathy and humility, and her eves were swimming in tears as she spoke.

Had Mr. Chauncey uttered the thought of his most amiable, the most lovely, the most deserving among the whole family of man! And his utterance, though his tongue only spoke of the make in the outward circumstances of his creatures in this wor'd. When about to take leave pressing invitation to return to take tea, and another for my friend." 'How!' said Mr. Atkins. 'I have never dis- spend the evening-an invitation he promptly accepted.

At an early hour in the evening Mr. Chaun-'Indeed!' said Mr. Chauncey. 'But it has cey was seated amid his circle of friends in Mrs. certainly not been so when I have met them .- Atkins' parlor. Before tea was brought in, and

on a very reputable account; for John Fust, or will be here in the course of a week, you will Atkins. It is not every day we meet with those | not the idle and frivolous chitchat, nor of the mischievous and envenomed gossip that is Mr. Atkins had not often been at home when sometimes so miscalled. After the tea things his friend was at his house, but Mr. Chauncey's were removed, and the ladies had settled themremark led him to notice Miss Eustace partic- | selves to their several employments, Mr. Chaun-No, Mrs. Atkins, I think I shall not be fastidious; I shall be able to overlook imperfect. ularly whenever he witnessed their succeeding and emphasis perfect; so that whatever he read with them, and Mr. Atkins chanced to be seated produced the full effect that the author intended which many might deem indispensible, I could cey, who were, as usual, in the full tide of con- ment of the most profound silence, till he had

'That is a faultless story,' said Mr. Atkins. Do you not think so!' All except Miss Eusace, expressed their approbation of it in warm terms. She reasoned silent.

What says my little Abby to it?' said Mr. Atkins .- Do you dissent from the common

'I think it highly interesting and instructive,' Miss Eustace replied, but not faultless.

'Pray point out the faults,' said Mr. Atkins. Let us have the benefit of your critique upon

Miss Eustace blushed, and begged to be excused. She was sorry she had expressed any feeling of disapprobation. But Mr. Atkins persisted that she should point out the defects she discovered, in which he was joined by the rest of the circle. Blushing still more deeply, Miss Eustace said-

· Clara could not have felt true friendship for Eleanor, or she would not have manifested such Mr. Chauncey did profit by the invitation of indelicate joy, when the latter was proved so

'Clara's own explanation, that she had a dear-

This opinion though differently expressed, was uttored by every one at the same moment, Mr. Chauncey excepted.

. That, as I think, is another defect,' said Miss Eustace. 'Was there no indelicacy in That ? said Mrs. Atkins, advancing to the exhibitrate at the same time. But Miss Leigh her permitting that dearer friend to see that window-that is Mr. Chauncey, one of Charles' soon awakened in him a deeper, a more en | she loved him, and calculated on the offer of his hand, while he yet had made no declaration of attachment to her I'

· Her amiable sincerity would atone for that fault, if it could be called a fault,' said Mr.

'Hardly I think,' said Miss Eustace. . I always was sorry the passage was written, especially as it was written by a woman, and have ever been inclined to jump it when reading the tale. I like not that female delicacy should be sacrificed, even at the shrine of sincerity .-But Mrs. Opic not unfrequently sins against Channey and the young ladies, were to go out the more refined and retiring delicacy of her

'In what other instance do you think she has done it Miss Eustace?' asked Mr. Chauncey. 'O, in many,' Miss Eustace replied. 'And ladies,' said Mr. Atkins, but I think neither of one who understands the true female character, you have put them on quite right. Come Ab. and who will read her works carefully, will ca-

> O, name them-name them, Abby,' said Mr. Atkins.

'Yes, name some other,' said Mrs. Atkins. 'There is one in 'Madaline' that now occurs 'There,' said Mr. Atkins, after drawing the to me,' said Miss Eustace, 'that struck me as grossly indelicate; and, indeed, not true to na. ture. Madaline says of herself 'that she sang ment. Now, Augusta, let me try my hand at louder than usual one evening when she supposed that Falconer was listening behind the kedge, that he might hear her.'

"Was that false to nature as well as indelicate, Abby ?' asked Mr. Atkins.

Coloring more highly than ever, while her silken lashes fell over her eyes, as if to conceal · I should have supposed that the idea of the

proximity of one so dear to her, under such circumstances, would have rendered it impossible for her to sing as loud as usual, if indeed Mr. Atkins, who was seated by her, whis-

you so much of the effect of the tender passion. This question covered her whole face and

pered in her ear- What happy fellow taught

promised to profit by the invitation of Mrs. of spirits. They rode several miles, and on neck with a glow of carmine; but in a low and somewhat tremulous tone, she said-· May not instinct teach a woman how sho

'Possibly,' said Mr. Atkins, 'but for all that

All the little party continued to converse in cepted. She was making a feather screen for Mrs. Atkins, and she now applied herself to

her work with the most persevering diligence Do let us hear the sound of your voice again, Abby,' said Mr Atkins in an under tone. 'You least, much more amiable in disposition than have now maintained the most profound silence

> 'I will,' said Miss Eustace, 'for I am just going to ask Augusta if my screen will do.' I can tell you that it will,' said Mr. Atkins,

'it is very handsomely made." But Miss Leigh differed from him in opinion. 'It is not so pretty as it might be, Abby,' heart, he would have told her that she was the said she. 'The different colored feathers are

not so arranged as to produce the best effect.' 'Are they not,' said Miss Eustace. 'I have eyes did utter it, so far as eyes are capable of been trying to make it as pretty as possible .-But you are correct, Augusta,' added she, afvast disparity that Infinite Wisdom sees best to ter holding the screen in different points of view; 'it is really a gaudy looking thing. I will give it to some child who needs a fan, and ry much alive, but never utters a word when at Mr. Atkins' door, Mr. Chauncey received a will be delighted with its gay colors, and make

'O no, Abby,' said Mrs. Atkins, 'you shall not take that trouble.' This is really a hand-

some screen."

'So I thought,' said Miss Eustace, 'until Augusta helped to open my eyes to its glaring defects. No, no, I will make another for you .-names. The difference and the says, it was not because they quisite in a wife; and each has fortune enough and pleasing in conversation—the exercise of the Should you carry this, it might be thought that mind-the collision of wit-the interchange of a Suchem had robbed some fair one of his tribe and appearing as scoffers would suggest, but up- cy. This is all I will tell you: but as they They are both fine, noble girls, said Mr. opinion—the expression of sentiments; and aud laid the spoils at your feet. I should take